

CHANGE OF WORLDS

The Fremont Bridge Cycle



Written & Illustrated By Roger Fernandes



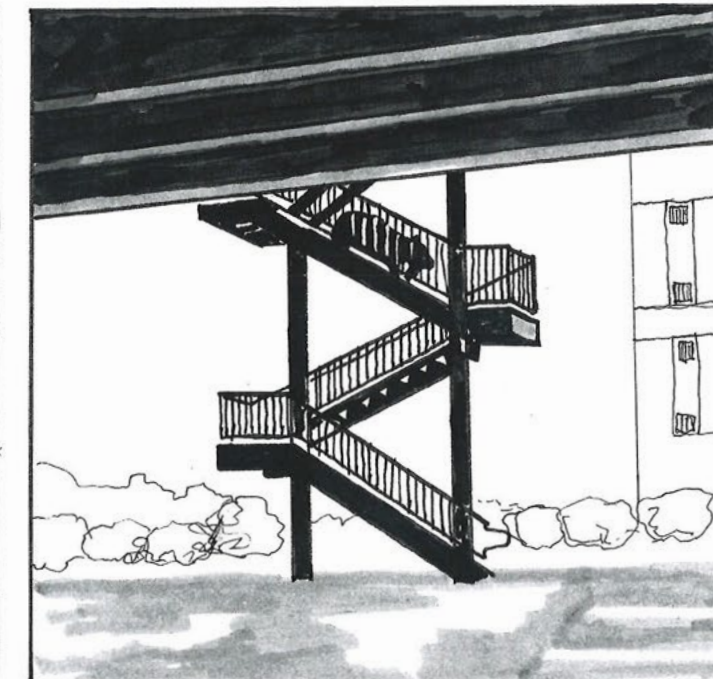
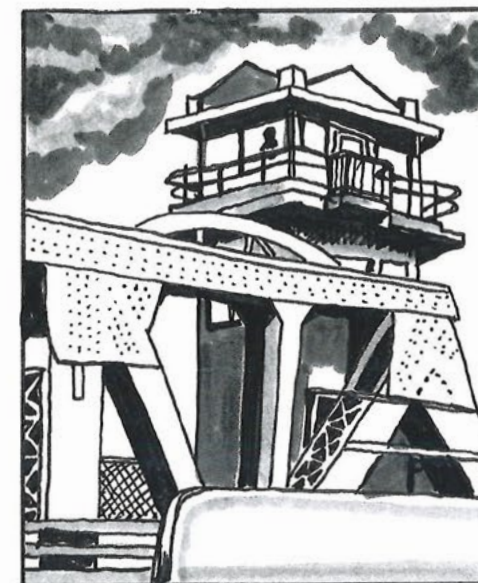
City of Seattle

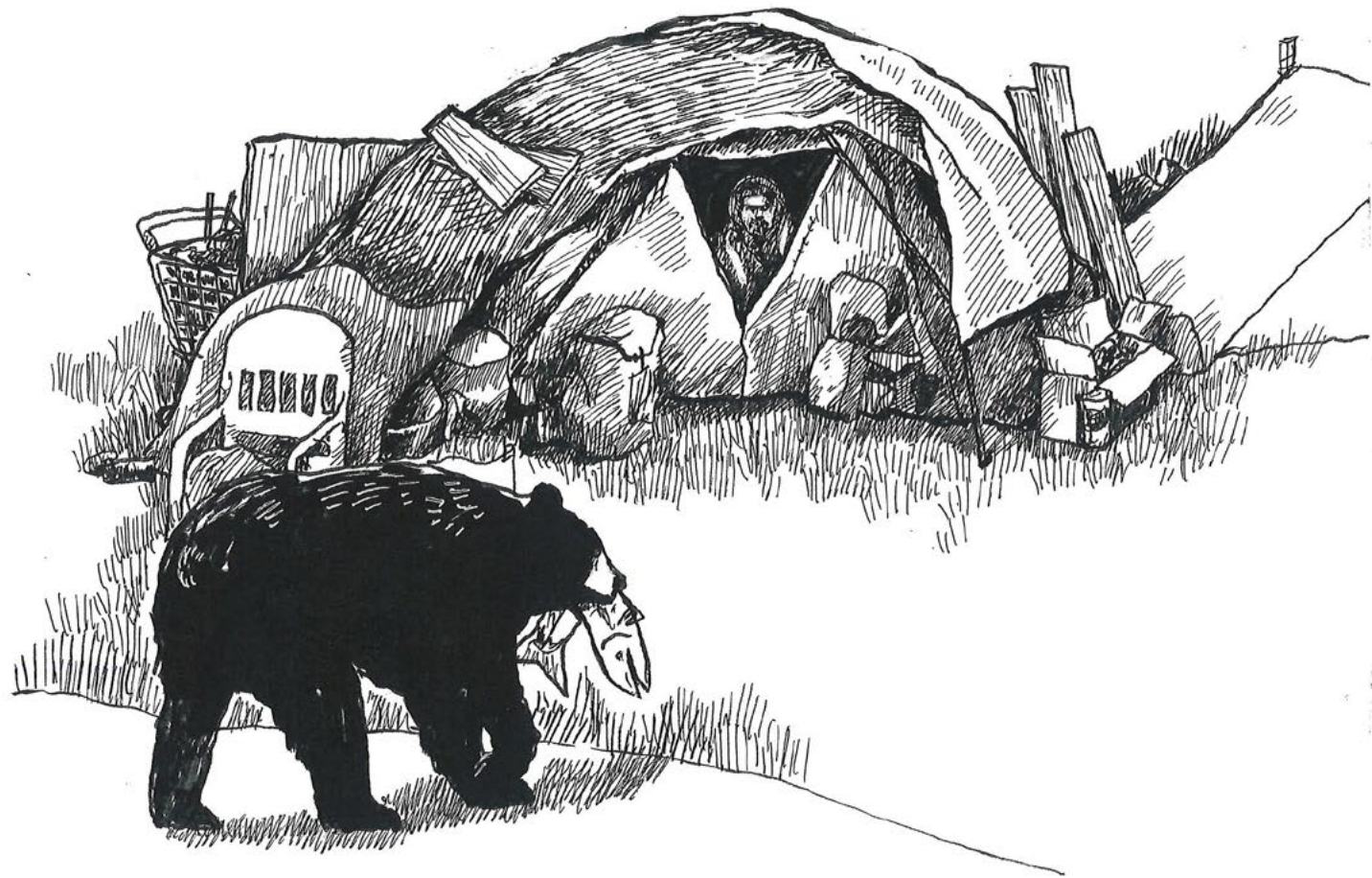
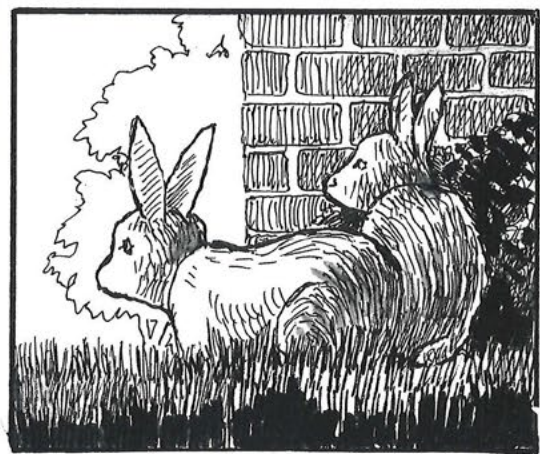
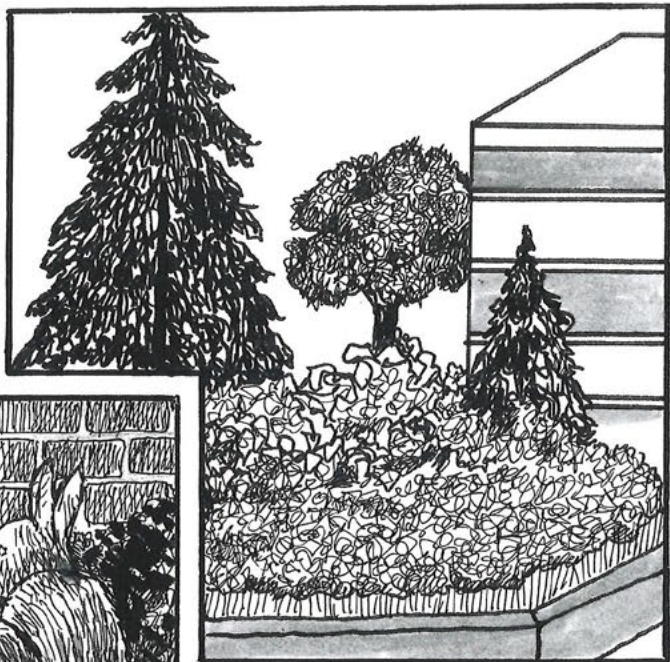
This project was funded with Seattle Department of Transportation % for Art funds.
Administered by the Seattle Office of Arts & Culture.
2021



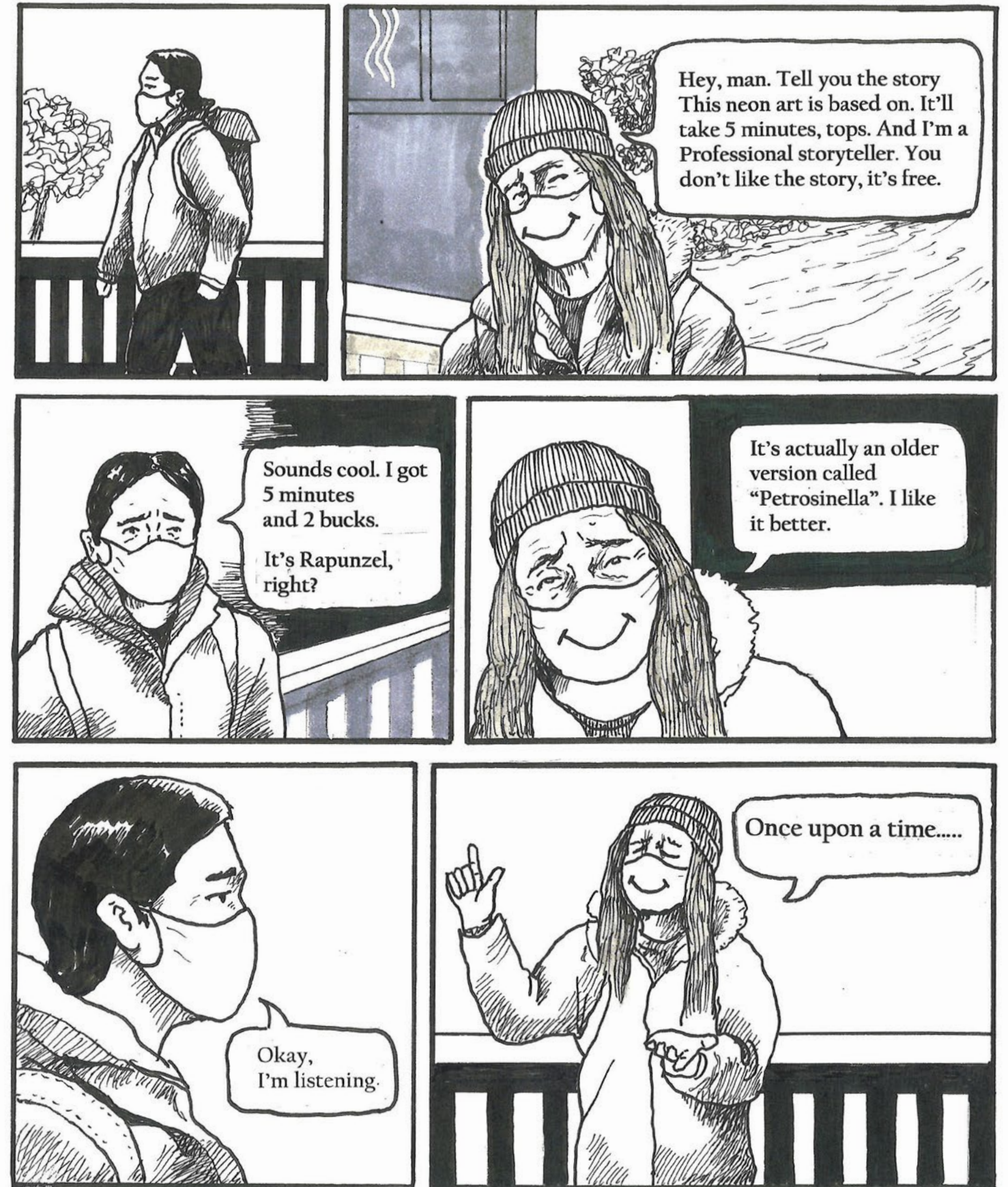


The Fremont Bridge, in Seattle, Washington, was completed and opened in 1917. It was considered a real engineering marvel, using a double-leaf bascule drawbridge mechanism to open the span. The bridge is set over the Lake Washington Ship Canal, itself, a man-made water passage that connects Puget Sound and Lake Washington. Due to its low 30-foot vessel clearance, the Fremont Bridge is one of the most frequently opened bridges in America. Once again, human ingenuity and engineering built a metal construction that has tamed nature and allowed ships and commerce to travel freely along the artificial waterway. Modern technology allowed us to improve upon nature. In 1918, the Spanish Flu swept the world and the United States suffered over 670,000 deaths due to pandemic.





PETROSINELLA



"A wife and husband lived next door to a witch who grew beautiful vegetables and herbs in her garden.

The mother was expecting a baby and craved the petrosinella, a parsley that grew in the witch's garden. She begged and begged her husband to go steal some for her.

Even though he was afraid to do this, he wanted to please his wife, so, one night he stole into the garden and picked some of the petrosinella.

He brought it back and his wife ate it and she was so happy, but she was not satisfied.

She said, "O, that was so good, I must have more!"

She again begged him to return to the witch's garden and steal more. So, against his better judgement, he went back to the garden on another dark night.

He picked the plant and was leaving the garden when he heard the witch's voice out of the darkness, "Ah! This is the thief who has been stealing my petrosinella!"

The husband was truly frightened for the witch was known for her cruel nature.

'Oh, please," he begged, "let me go. It was not for me, I did this. You see, my wife is pregnant and she needs this food for a healthy baby.

She needs this food.'

The witch heard his words and her heart softened.

She said, 'So this is why you take my plants.

Then, I will not kill you for you had a real need for this plant.



However, because this food nourishes your child, I will lay claim to the baby when she has grown.

When the child comes of age, I will come for her.'

The poor husband did not tell his wife about the deal he had struck with the witch.

The baby was born, a healthy child and they named her **Petrosinella**.

She grew to be a happy and healthy child.

But, when she turned 12 years old the witch came and claimed her and took her away into the forest.

In the woods the witch had made a special tower and placed Petrosinella in it.

The tower had no way in or out, no door or steps And the young woman was trapped there.

The witch placed a spell on Petrosinella and her hair grew long and as strong a rope.

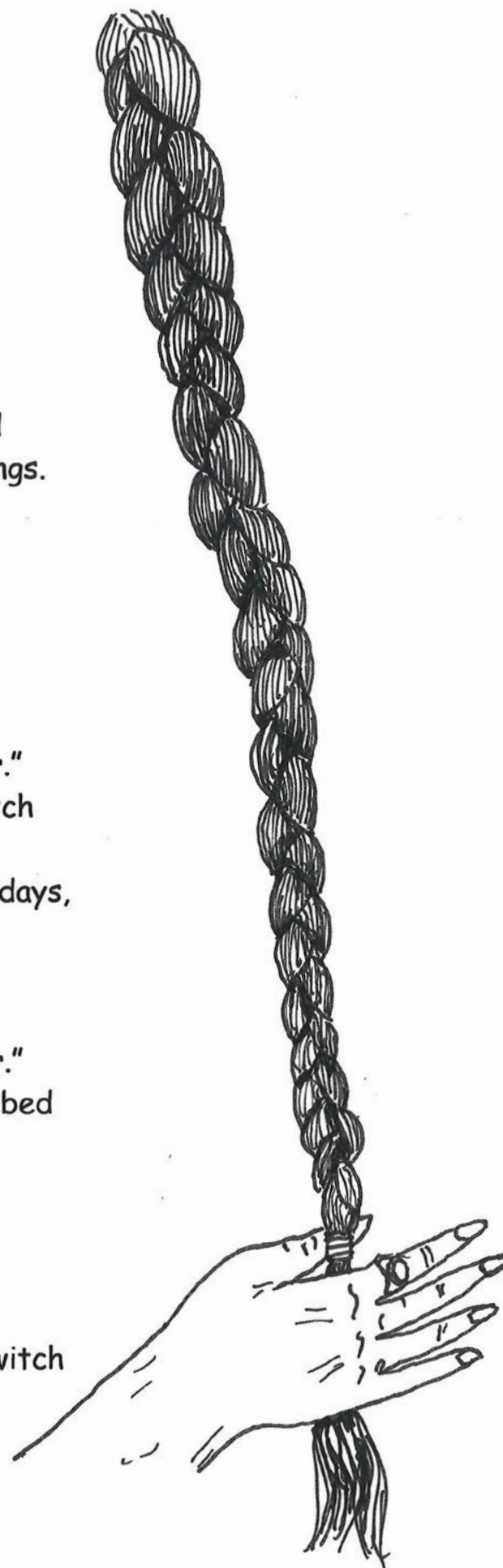
Every so often the witch would come and visit her.

The tower had no stairs or ladders to get in, but the witch would say,

"Petrosinella, Petrosinella, let down your long hair." The young woman would throw her long golden braid out the window and the witch would use it to climb into the tower.

The witch would climb up into the tower to visit Petrosinella and bring her food and instruct her.

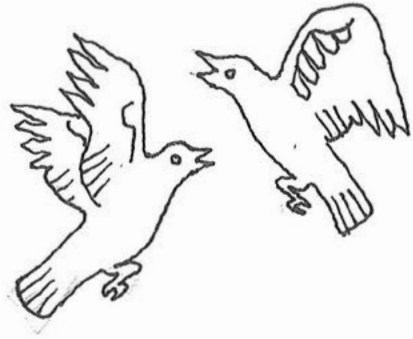
One day a young man, the son of a noble, was riding by the tower when he heard a beautiful voice singing a lovely song. Petrosinella had nothing else to do, but sing and she did so every day. Her songs and voice were so beautiful that the birds became her friends and would sing with her. They learned one another's songs. The young man heard this beautiful chorus and followed it to the tower. He was about to call up to the window, when he saw the witch coming to the tower. He hid and watched her as she came to the tower and said those words, "Petrosinella, Petrosinella, let down your hair." And the braid of hair came down and the witch climbed it into the tower. The young man watched the tower for many days, seeing when the witch would come to visit. Then one day he went to the tower and said the same words, "Petrosinella, Petrosinella, let down your hair." And the braid of hair came down and he climbed up into the tower. She was at first frightened to see this man enter her room, but she was so lonely, she was happy to have another visitor. He assured her he would not harm her, but offered to help her, as he saw how the witch kept her captive.



He began to visit her when the witch was not to appear. He visited her many times. After a time, they fell in love and he asked if she wanted to leave the tower with him and become his wife. Petrosinella said yes. They made a plan to make a rope of plants and grasses and roots and her torn bedsheets. And one day that rope they made, touched the ground below. But the witch came to visit and climbed into the tower by Petrosinella's hair. The young woman was careless and asked the witch, "Why is my young man twice as big as you, but weighs only half as much?" The witch cried out, 'Who is coming to visit you here!' She knew someone was coming into the tower by the braid, so, she took a sharp knife and cut Petrosinella's long hair off! And then she grabbed her and threw her out the window! Petrosinella might have died from the fall but, she landed in some shrubbery below. She was scratched and cut by the thorns of the plant but, she was safe. And now, she was pregnant with the young man's child. She walked away from the tower, her hair cut and expecting a baby. The young man then appeared, come to visit her.



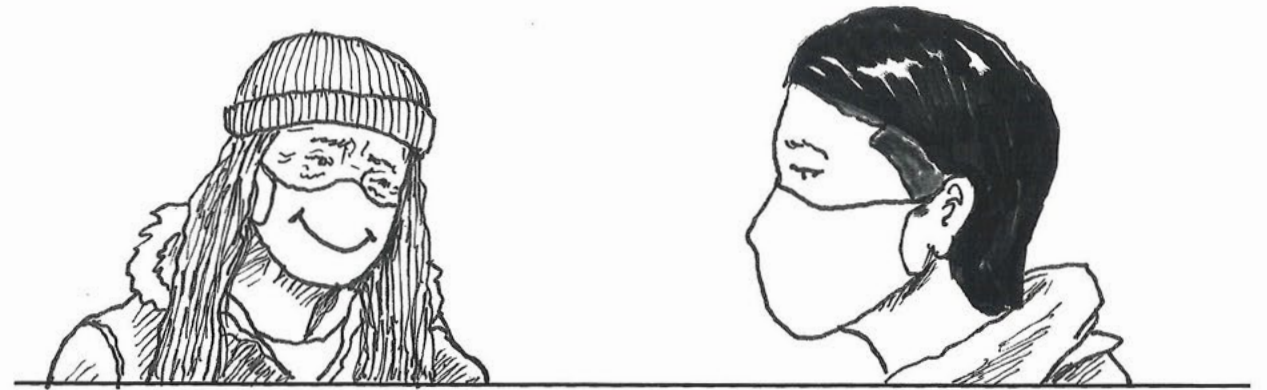
He called out the words
and in the tower, the witch heard him
and lowered the braid she
had cut from Petrosinella. He climbed
up the hair and waiting for him in the tower
was not the maiden but, the witch!
She grabbed him and poked out his eyes!
Then she threw him out of the tower as well,
but he did not land in the shrubs,
he landed on the hard ground and broke his legs!
Crippled and blind, he crawled away
into the woods.



He was lost and injured, and it was
his good fortune that the birds took care of him,
bringing him food and tending his injuries.
One day he heard a beautiful song coming from the woods
and he crawled to it. And there was Petrosinella,
singing her lovely song



with the birds and holding twin babies!
When she saw him, she ran to him and held him.
She was so sad to see him suffering, she cried,
and her tears dropped into his eyes
and they were healed. He could see again!
Then he stood up to hold her
and his legs were healed.
Then Petrosinella and her young man
returned to his village
and raised their family and were happy."



"So that is the story of Petrosinella. Some people link it to the more familiar Rapunzel story, but it is older. The Brothers Grimm and other European story gatherers got ahold of the older version and changed things to make it easier for modern city folks to accept it. Like, did you know that in the first versions the witch was not a witch, she was a kindly godmother? Changes a lot of the story's meaning because there was kindness behind her taking the girl and isolating her in the tower. Not cruelty. And they cut out the pregnancy and babies part so parents did not have to explain reproductive behaviors to their children. And there is a lot of plant knowledge in the story. Women's plant knowledge.

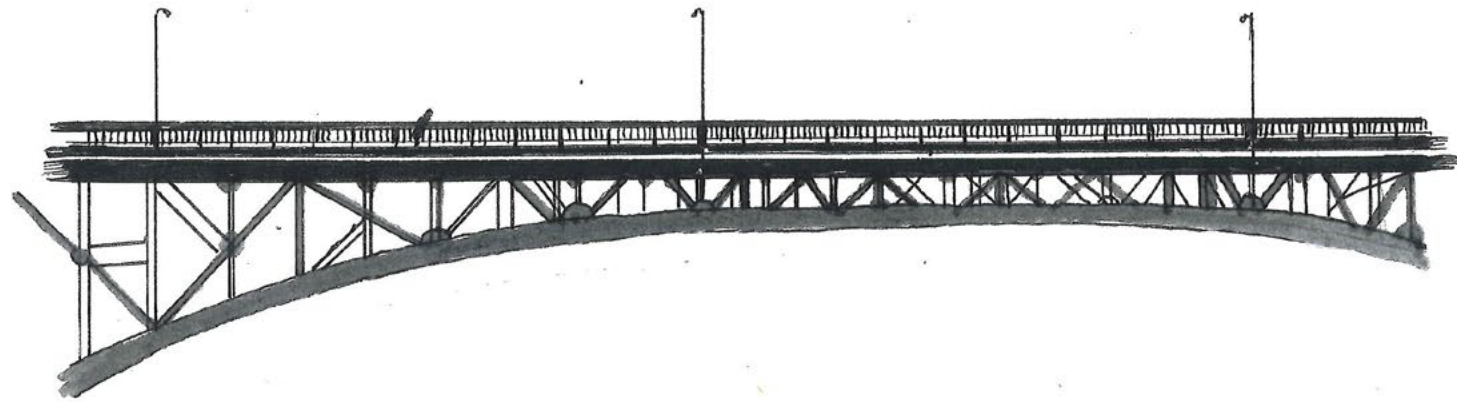
The name Rapunzel is the adaptation of the plant's name, rampion, which we call parsley. The German for parsley is Petersilie. Whoever adapted the story years ago probably thought Rapunzel sounded better than the other names. And that plant has a curl like a maiden head that uncurls, so there is the braid that she lowers to let people into the tower. There are a lot of stories all around the world of ropes connecting the sky or some higher place and people traveling up and down that rope. Like in Petrosinella and her long braid of hair or Jack and the Beanstalk.

When I tell these stories, I want the listener to understand there is a lot going on in the story, beyond the obvious. You got to reflect and think about why the story is told the way it is.

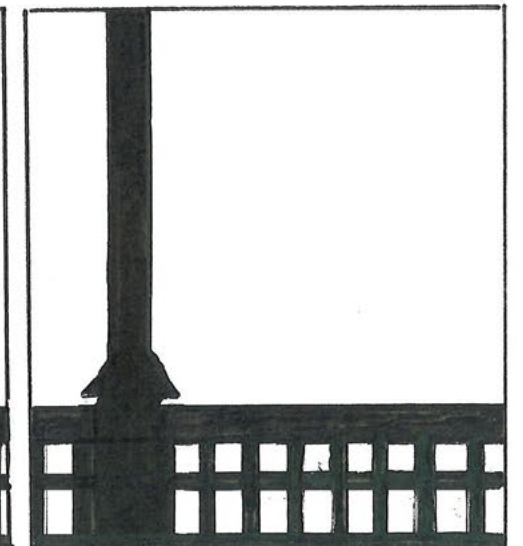
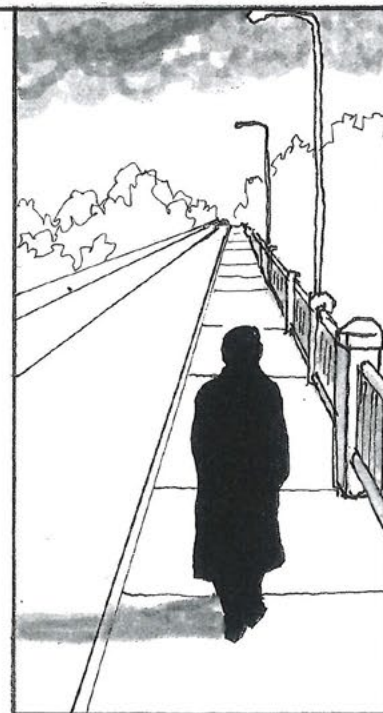
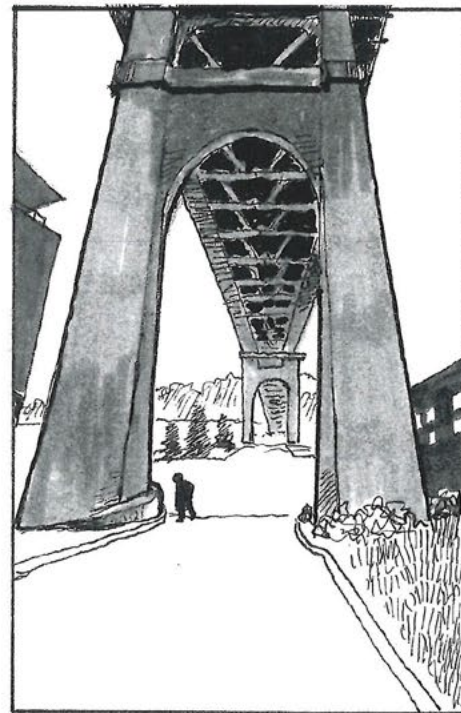
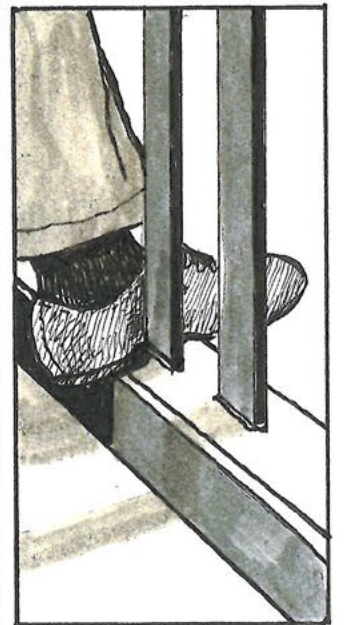
That'll be two dollars.

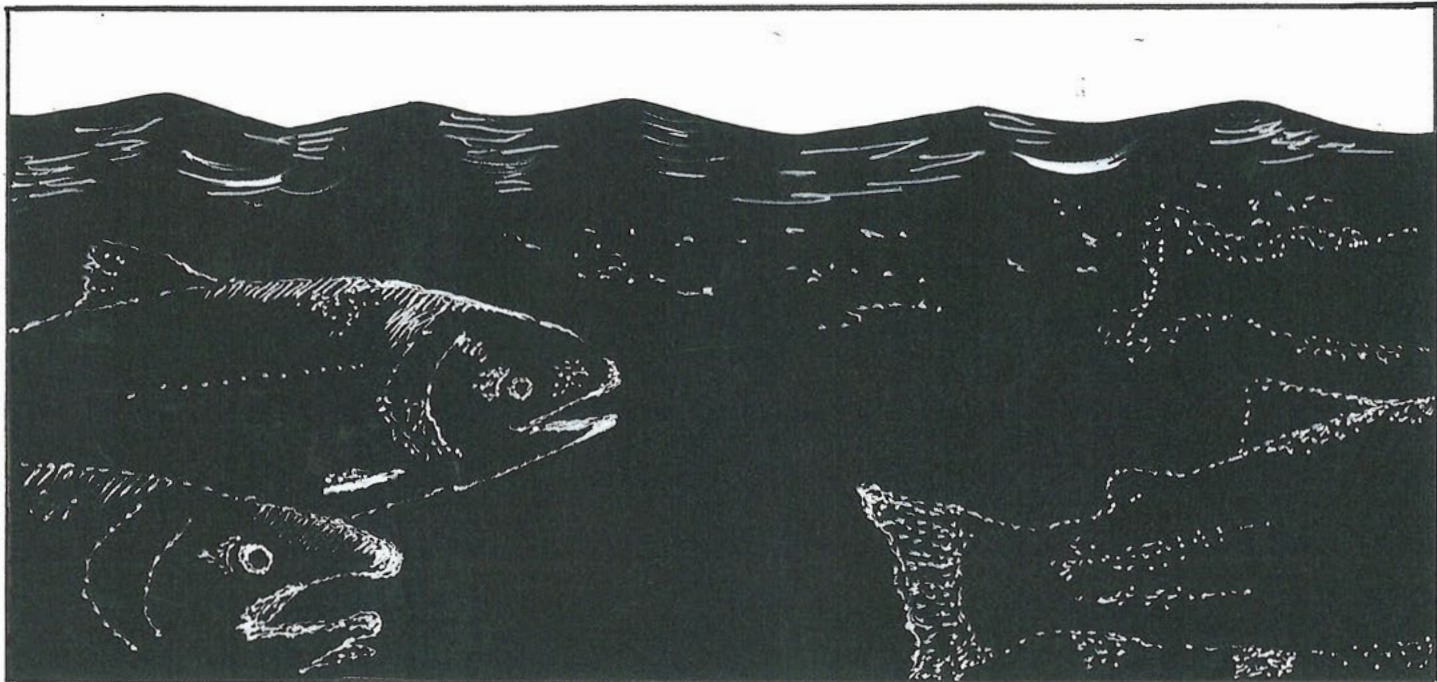
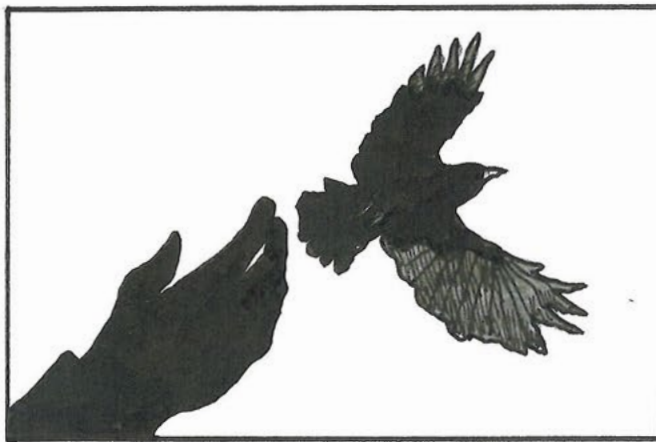
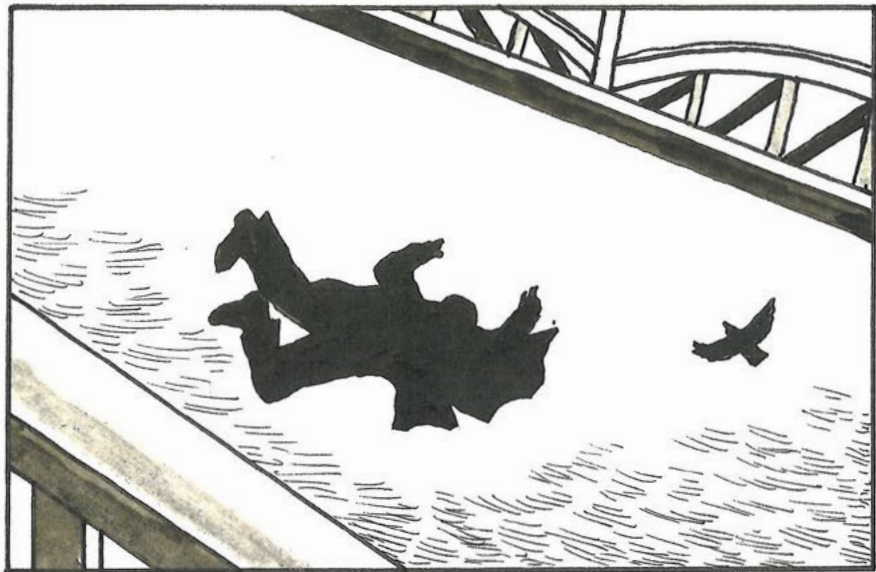
And if you like stories, I'll be at The Fremont Troll tomorrow at this same time. A troll story, and it ain't Billy Goats Gruff."

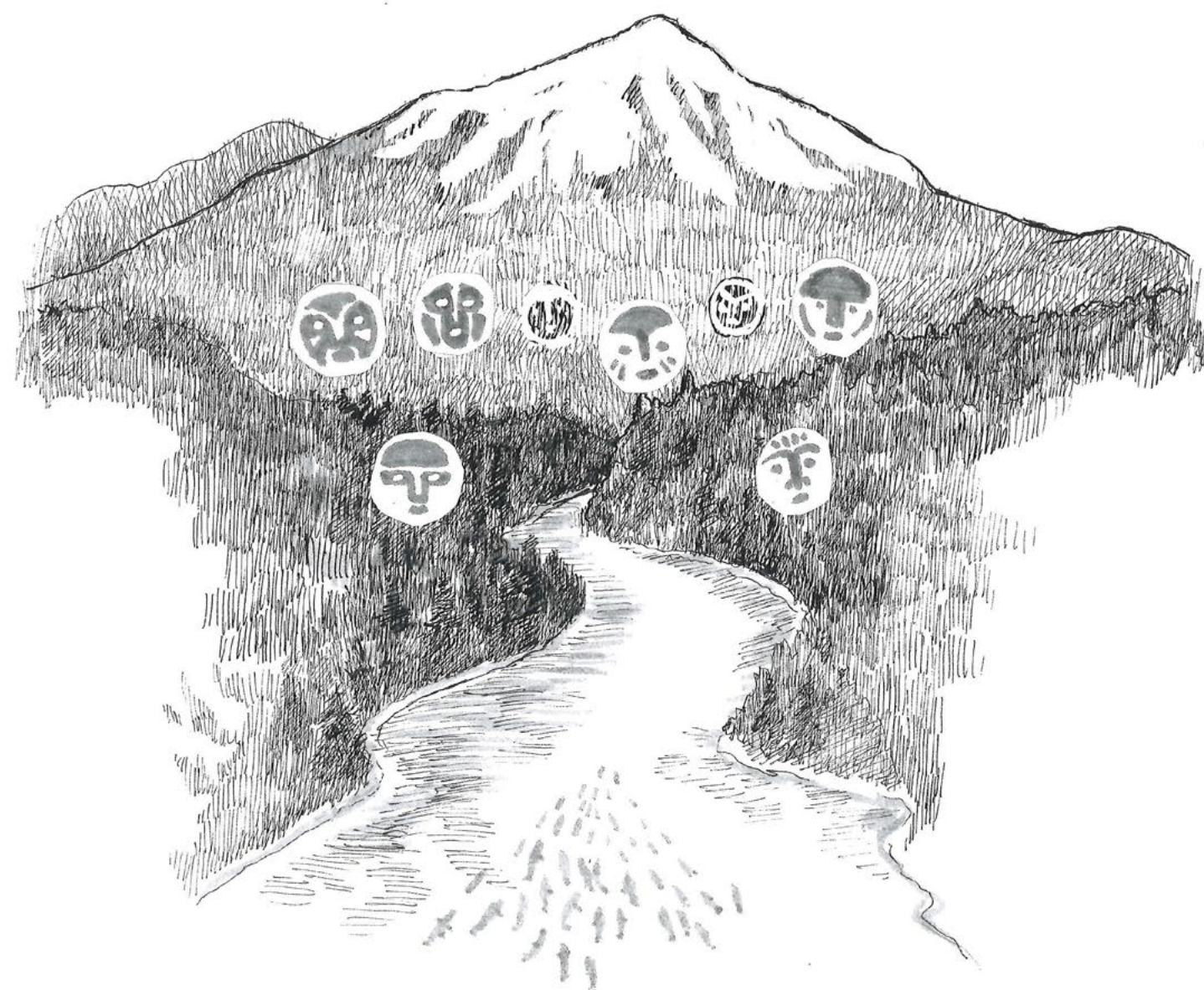
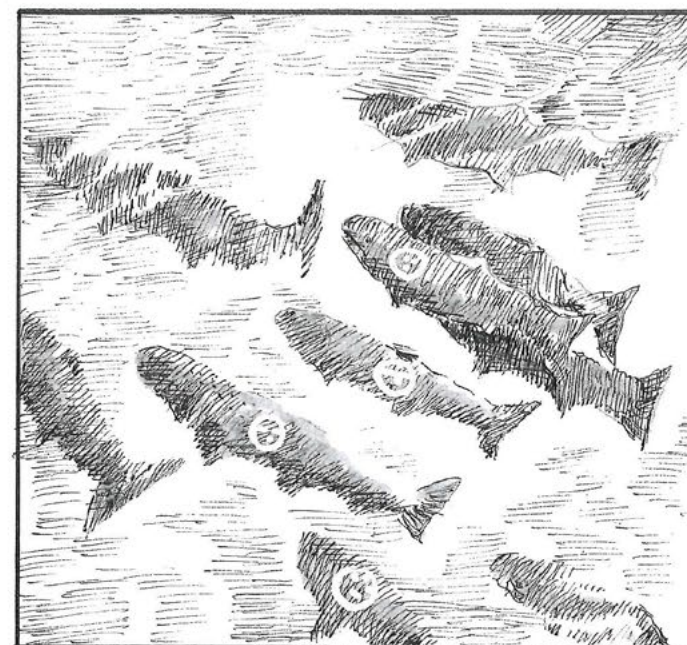
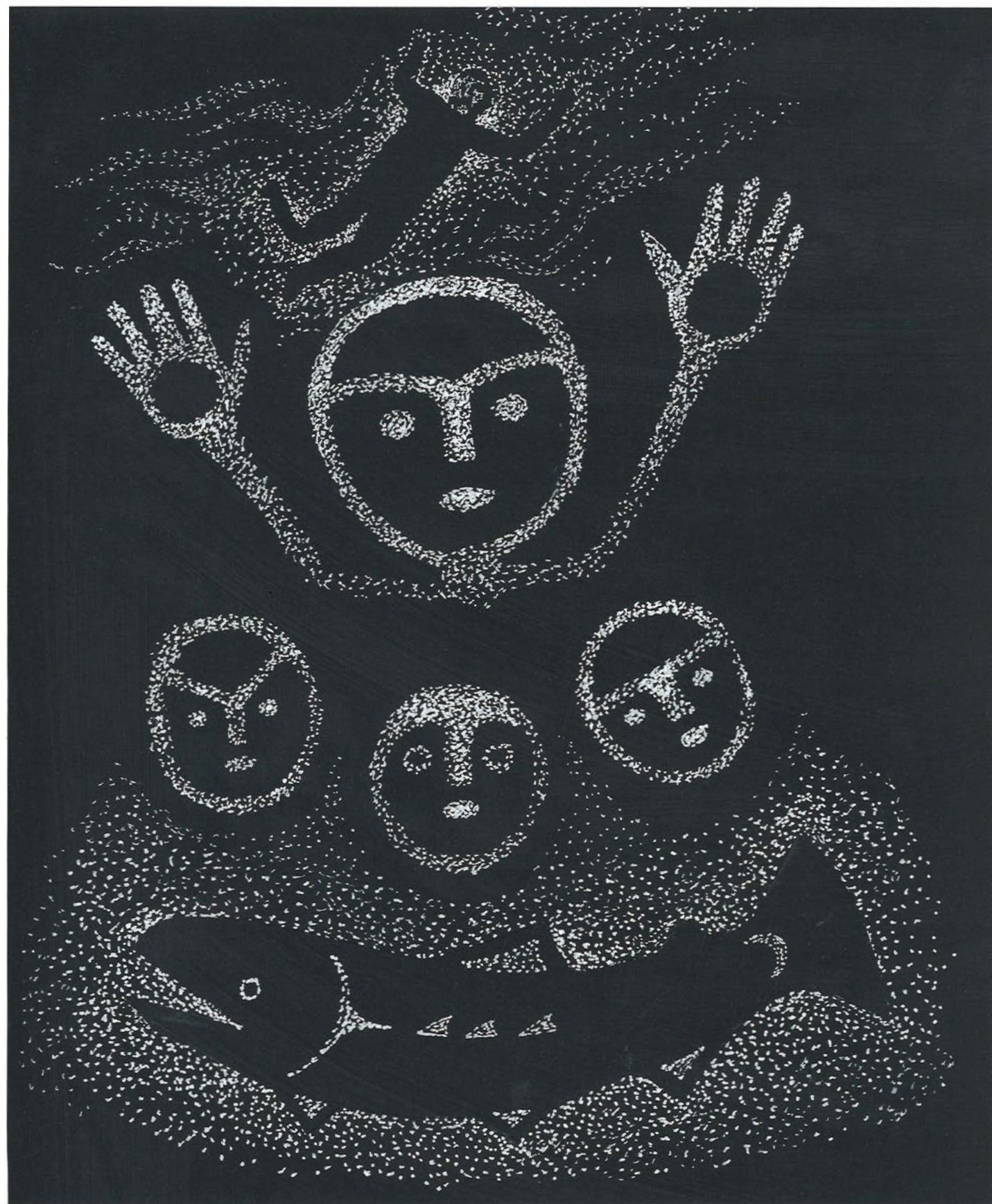
HOMECOMING 2



The Aurora Bridge was completed in 1932. It spans directly above the Lake Washington Ship Canal and the Fremont Bridge. During the first 50 years of its existence, more than 230 people committed suicide by jumping over the short railing of the bridge, into the water below and sometimes crashing onto the ground. Even after piecing together the stories of those lost souls who jumped, there are many questions that are unanswered as to how that final decision was made. Perhaps a plan, perhaps on impulse. In 2011, by public demand, an 8-foot suicide prevention fence was built as a barrier to stop people from leaping from the span. It has proven to be successful.









"Let the white man deal kindly with my
people, for the dead are not powerless.

Dead, did I say dead?

There is no death, only a change of
worlds."

Chief Seattle / See-ahts
Duwamish/Muckleshoot and Suquamish Chief
Closing of his speech to federal officials in 1854.



Roger Fernandes is a Native American artist, storyteller, and educator.

He is a member of the Lower Elwha S'Klallam Tribe of western Washington and was born and raised in the city of Seattle. He started his art career at the age of 6, plagiarizing and copying artists like Joe Kubert and Mort Drucker, making his own comic books. In his graphic novel works, he seeks to join traditional Coast Salish myths and legends and a modern world. He believes that the mythic stories told by all cultures, inform and teach at a human-to-human story level and since we are all still humans, these tellings can still do their powerful work.